UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

"The People's Choice" in California

By Robert Whitaker

What a Christian Saw at Moscow—and at Geneva - - - - - *By Sydney Strong*

In Defense of a German Tradition - - - - - - - - - *By David Gittleman*

In the Interest of Peace: Articles by Lucia Ames Mead, C. Delisle Burns, Lucia Trent, E. Guy Talbott, Brent Dow Allinson.

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The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

Pitfalls for Pacifists*

Comrade Chairman and Comrades of the International, I am not going to speak as Secretary of the No More War Movement, but as an individual. I am going to speak entirely destructively, in an endeavor to reduce you to despair, so that you can appreciate the constructive proposals of De Ligt. I shall level the ground so that he may build.

A quotation came to my mind at the time of the aerial maneuvers, which were taking place over the House of Lords when Londonderry, on behalf of the Government, was urging the need for a larger air force. I remembered how John Bright said: "The angel of death has been abroad throughout the land; even now you can hear the beating of his wings." There at Westminster, close to the place where these words had been spoken, they listened to the aeroplanes and to a speech emphasizing the importance of a "defense" the impossibility of which was being demonstrated over their heads.

Tom Paine said: "There are times that try men's souls, and into such times have we been born." Today when it has become even harder to take a direct and unconfused line, the times try men's minds also. With this rapid development in armaments, this panic of Fascism and war, men who have spoken peace begin to find excuses and an easy way out—anything but the direct way. Many of us are alarmed by the way the labor movement has been affected by these developments. The times are trying this movement, and many of the workers themselves are heading towards those "moral sanctions" which are inevitable for the fighting of another war. Do they not know that the next war, like the last war, must be a "war to end war"? As we fought last time for "democracy" and "the rights of small nations," so the next war will be for "international law" and the League. H. N. Brailsford has rightly said that we are back in 1914!

There remains the minority who will oppose war whatever the ex-

*Speech by Reginald A. Reynolds at the War Resisters' International Conference, Digswell Park, July 28th, 1934.

(*Continued on Page* 119)

UNITY

"He Hath Made of One All Nations of Men"

Volume CXIV MONDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1934 Number 6

THE PRISONER

Still let my tyrants know, I am not doom'd to wear
Year after year in gloom and desolate despair;
A messenger of Hope comes every night to me,
And offers for short life, eternal liberty.

He comes with Western winds, with evening's wandering airs,
With that clear dusk of heaven that brings the thickest stars:
Winds take a pensive tone, and stars a tender fire,
And visions rise, and change, that kill me with desire.

Desire for nothing known in my maturer years,
When Joy grew mad with awe, at counting future tears:
When, if my spirit's sky was full of flashes warm,
I knew not whence they came, from sun or thunder-storm.

But first, a hush of peace—a soundless calm descends;
The struggle of distress and fierce impatience ends.
Mute music soothes my breast—unutter'd harmony
That I could never dream, till Earth was lost to me.

Then dawns the Invisible; the Unseen its truth reveals;
My outward sense is gone, my inward essence feels;
Its wings are almost free—its home, its harbour found,
Measuring the gulf, it stoops, and dares the final bound.

O dreadful is the check—intense the agony—
When the ear begins to hear and the eye begins to see;
When the pulse begins to throb—the brain to think again—
The soul to feel the flesh, and the flesh to feel the chain.

Yet I would lose no sting, would wish no torture less;
The more that anguish racks, the earlier it will bless;
And robed in fires of hell, or bright with heavenly shine,
If it but herald Death, the vision is divine.

—*Emily Bronte.*

This editorial is being written before the election, and will be published after. But this fact is of little consequence, as election results have long since been discounted, and we know what they will be. This has taken away all excitement in the contest, except in certain isolated sections, such as California, where local issues stirred local sentiments. The Democratic victory was of course inevitable—first, because of the popularity of the President, which is not yet seriously shaken, although already entered upon definite and perhaps in the end swift decline; secondly, because of the essential fairness of the American people in agreeing that the time has not yet come to judge, much less repudiate, the vast experimental program of the administration; and thirdly, because the deliberate use of relief funds for political purposes by the cynical Farley insured an overwhelming popular endorsement of Santa Claus. What we have at this hour is nothing more than an echo of the election of 1932. The time has been too short for the stupendous forces released in the early days of the administration to produce their consequences. For this we must wait until 1936, when we shall have once again a genuine election. It is from this standpoint that the Sinclair campaign in California seems to us to have its real significance. In the wild excitement of that campaign, the bitter passion and the wicked fear, above all, in the raging controversy between "left" and "right," we see a prophecy, or anticipation, of the political conflict which is destined to convulse this nation, we believe, two years hence. This coming presidential struggle will eclipse anything that the country has seen since the Lincoln-Douglas-Breckenridge contest of 1860. The Blaine-Cleveland duel of 1884 will look like a genteel teacup dispute in comparison. In 1936 will be decided whether America is going back to the good old days, for another experiment with capitalism, or forward to new days of creative social endeavor. And where Franklin Delano Roosevelt will stand on that issue we think is as plain as a pike-staff on a lonely hill. Wait and see!

We have commented before in these columns on the paradox of the depression—namely, the unprecedented burden of relief on the one hand, and the amazing signs of lavish spending and abundant accumulation on the other. What are we to say, for example, at the recent announcement in Washington that 90 per cent of the banks of the country show an increase of deposits in the six months period from December 30, 1933, to June 30, 1934? In New York State the deposits mounted from $9,286,028,000 to $10,588,056,000, a gain of more than $1,300,000,000. In Pennsylvania, the gain reached the sum of $350,000,000, and in California the sum of $400,000,000. Other states showed figures almost as remarkable. And all the while the nation's relief rolls are increasing, and the

government is pouring out hundreds of millions of dollars to keep multitudes from starving! In New York City, for example, more than $18,000,000 a month is being paid out to the unemployed, yet the savings banks are taking in money faster than ever. A correspondent in the New York *Times* has declared that these figures do not mean what they seem to mean—that government bonds, government refinancing, government gold manipulation, explain the mystery. We do not know about such things, but we note that even this pessimist has to admit that the volume of *bona fide* deposits is going up and not down. All of which fits right in with our earlier comments in this place on the enormous patronage, at high admission prices, of fairs, exhibits, football games, and betting! We would like to see the economists explain this phenomenon, and if they can't do it, what are they worth? What seems apparent is that we have a situation here which cannot go on. Before we know it, we will have the government seizing the surpluses of savings banks, to save itself from bankruptcy in its struggle with the relief problem. Perhaps this would be only a part of that confiscation of capital which cannot be very far away in this country.

The underground strike of the Hungarian miners was the most sensational news of recent months—i. e., *genuinely* sensational!—but the newspapers all seemed to miss the point. Most of them dilated over the horrible labor conditions revealed—coal miners working and trying to support wives and families on $2 a week. Others commented on the desperation of the strike, and speculated as to whether life was actually becoming so intolerable in Europe that sane men no longer desired to exist, but sought death as a release. None, so far as we were able to observe, saw what to our way of thinking was the supreme significance of this episode—that it was a class war carried on in terms of non-resistance, or, to use Gandhi's phrase, "non-violent resistance." It has become suddenly the fad among radicals to decry pacifism, at least in the class war, and to declare that capitalism can be brought to heel, the capitalists overthrown and defeated, only by use of force and violence. Dr. Reinhold Niebuhr has given profound philosophical interpretation to this idealistic disillusionment; others, less learned and intellectual, only the instinctive, impulsive impatience of the undisciplined mind. But now comes the complete and perfect answer to these defeatists. Here is a new kind of strike! These Hungarian miners rebelled against the oppression of low wages and indecent conditions of living. But they organized no picket-lines, beat up no scabs, brought no coercion upon employers and fellow-laborers, fought no police or soldiery. They just lay down in the dark shaft-pits, and announced that they would stay there and die unless their demands were granted. Here was the typical non-resistant method—suffer and perhaps die oneself, but bring no suffering nor death upon others, even one's enemies. Appeals poured down upon the miners, but they were adamant. The authorities ordered them to come to the surface, and they answered by ordering coffins be sent down to receive their bodies. Five days passed—food failed, water failed, a few men went insane, the rest lay inert in the cold and dark, quietly awaiting death. And then—*victory!*

What was the victory? A granting of all the demands of the strikers, without a blow struck or an injury done. Government, employers, everybody had capitulated before the serene power of men who were suddenly become omnipotent because they were ready to sacrifice everything, even their lives, to the cause which they had espoused. Newspaper despatches agreed that it was the stirring of public opinion in Hungary which forced the hands of the operators, and made them concede at last the terms of settlement offered by their heroic workers. Once the word got abroad of what these miners were doing—once men knew that their fellows in the coal-pits preferred to die rather than live, or attempt to live, longer under the intolerable wage and hour conditions of their lot—there spread abroad a vast wave of indignation against such conditions. What the miners did, you see, kept the issue clear upon their sufferings. In an ordinary protest that issue is straight way lost in contention, violence, fighting, bloodshed, which invariably drives public opinion to the side of the employers for the sake of law and order. But all these extraneous incidents were now avoided. There was no lawlessness, no disorder, no violence—nothing but the sublimely tragic spectacle of suffering beyond endurance, and death approaching. Furthermore, what could the government do to break and end this strike? If men stand up and fight, the police and soldiery can fight back, and win through sheer superior force. But in this Hungarian affair, the authorities were helpless. They could not punish the miners, for they were already punishing themselves beyond all the utmost cruelty of the state. They could not arrest and confine the miners, for they were already confining themselves in unspeakable dungeons. They could not kill the miners, for they were themselves preparing to die. There was only one thing to do, and that was to surrender. And they did! The victory of non-resistance was complete!

The smashing victory of the English flyers, Scott and Black, in the sensational air-race from London to Melbourne, should quiet, for a time at least, the provincial boastfulness of Americans in all that pertains to our achievements as a people. We excell in many things, but not in all; yet we claim everything in sight. Thus, in New York we always speak of our police-force as "the finest." Of course it is not "the finest,"

as anybody who has been to London well knows. There is simply no comparison between the police of the two capitals, as the London force is superior in discipline, courtesy, and honesty. In the same way we declare that our railroad trains are the fastest in the world. As a matter of fact they are not and never have been, as is shown by easily accessible statistics. It is in this spirit that we have long since fallen into the habit of proclaiming that in flying we beat the world. Anybody who has traveled on the continent of Europe knows full well how far this assertion is from the truth. European countries got their flying service under way long before we did, and in speed, efficiency, safety, this service is still incomparable. Now, in the Britain-Australian race comes a demonstration on a world-stage of the superiority of British planes and British flyers. It is a wholesome lesson. There is no reason why our airplane development should not be supreme. The very challenge of great distances and of one vast population of common speech and common allegiance should stir us to attainment. But wild boasting will never serve us, nor the stunt flying which still occupies all too much of our attention. What we need is serious purpose and sober spirit to match our unquestioned courage and mechanical genius. These are the qualities that made Lindbergh the ace-flyer of the world, and has maintained him in that position ever since his first ever-memorable exploit. We have no doubt of the essential quality of American achievement in any field. Give us modesty and hard work to match our courage, and we can keep pace with any rivals.

The triennial conference of the Protestant Episcopal Church at Atlantic City was a curious mingling of important and unimportant, great and small. Bishop Manning's impassioned plea in behalf of Catholicism was as inept an exhibition in these times as was Nero's fiddling when Rome burned. The debate on the use of the word "Protestant" in the official name of the church was like the peeping of sparrows while an earthquake is shaking a city. The absorption of the delegates in money affairs, and the sensational plea of an obscure cleric for funds which caught the headlines on a certain day, were perhaps inevitable, but seemed none the less a disproportionate expenditure of time and energy. But Bishop Parsons' protest against the disgracefully evasive and compromising committee report on war and kindred social issues was a heartening episode. The later debate in the House of Bishops on the subject of Birth Control was a splendid revelation of enlightenment, courage, and humane sympathy, and the action of the House in endorsing the reform one of the finest achievements in the contemporary history of the churches. As for the bishops' pastoral letter, written by Bishop Perry, we count it a document worthy of the prophetic literature to which of course it belongs. Not every indictment of the bishops can we endorse, nor every recommendation accept. But the spirit of the letter is what counts, as well as its eloquence and spiritual fervor. This "wicked and adulterous generation" has earned this rebuke, and the Episcopacy is to be commended for giving it. That the divisions in the church are serious, the convention made manifest. The Bishop who declared that the church might best work for church unity by healing its own differences spoke a wise word at the right time. But the chasm between so-called Protestants and Catholics seems only to widen with the years. Is it not time that these churchmen forgot the *trivia* of life in the momentous issues of life and death that now wrack the world?

The death of Raymond Poincaré last month followed so hard upon the shocking assassination of Louis Barthou, that comment was almost wholly swallowed up by the latter event. History, however, will give far more space to the passing of the former than of the latter, for Poincaré was one of the most important European figures in all three of the pre-War, War, and post-War periods. That his responsibility for the 1914 cataclysm was great is now denied by no trustworthy historian. Not all the thousands of pages in the enormous tomes which Poincaré wrote and published in his own defense could alter the fact of his complicity. His hand remained as bloody as Lady Macbeth's. During the conflict, Poincaré stood with Clemenceau as one of the two iron figures which not all the power of German arms could break, and which, like Frankensteins, after the conflict, imposed on Germany a peace which was as fatal to France as to the rest of Europe. In many ways the most momentous period of Poincaré's career came after the War and the Peace, when France seemed to be joined with Germany in common ruin. Summoned to the premiership at a time when it was believed that he alone could save his country from disaster, he aggravated that disaster by his cruel invasion of the Ruhr; and then, when the flood of inflation was engulfing the nation, saved the franc by a feat of statesmanship which must rank among the notable political achievements of the decade. Poincaré presented a paradoxical combination of qualities. He was as cold as steel, yet swept by the most fanatical emotions of prejudice against Germany. As a man, he was incorruptibly honest, but as a diplomat moved deviously amid the wiles of statescraft. He loved his country, in terms of ruthlessness to other countries. And he used consummate abilities to wreck at last the civilization of his time. His place in history is unenviably secure as one of that little group of men most directly responsible for the outbreak in 1914 of a war which was the greatest and most inexcusable disaster of all time.

Jottings

Simeon Strunsky, in the New York *Times:*

Two aviators bucking a gale over New York found themselves standing still at a speed of 120 miles an hour. The fliers were private individuals and not engaged on any mission connected with national recovery.

Moses (Republican) ran against Solomon (Socialist) in the recent New York gubernatorial campaign. The third candidate, Lehman (Democrat) was also a Jew. What would Hitler say at such a spectacle as this?

It is comforting to note that some people are still dying from causes other than automobile accidents. Perhaps we are not all of us fated to die upon the public highways, after all.

When more than $2,100,000 is spent in betting at a New England race-track on a single week-end, it is evident that the American people have not yet reached the end of their economic rope. It is evident, also, that when such expenditure is possible at a time when a fifth of the population are subsisting on the miserable level of public relief, some of the American people at least have long since reached the end of their decency.

Cardinal Pietro Fumasoni-Biondi, of Rome, is authority for the statement that there are still 6,000,000 slaves in the world. Practically every government on earth has officially outlawed slavery, yet here are these millions of bondmen. The Cardinal exhorts the Church to renewed attention to "the anti-slavery program of Pope Leo XIII." His words may well be heard by others.

New York is thinking of establishing a municipal lottery to raise money for poor relief. As money will still be needed through the winter, we suggest that the city next sell narcotic drugs and license houses of prostitution. There are plenty of ways of getting money, once you throw to the winds the statute and the moral law!

J. H. H.

What a Christian Saw at Moscow—and at Geneva!

I take it that a Christian may be defined as a follower of Christ. It may then be asked how are we to know these followers—what are the marks?

1. What followed in following Christ in the early days, when men were converted to him and became followers? They not only called Christ "Lord"—but certain marks began to appear in their lives and in their relations to other men. They were not only hearers but doers of the word. Here are some of the marks that distinguished the followers of Christ:

Women began to assume a higher position in the world. One of Christianity's contributions to humanity has been the gradual freeing of womankind. This is one mark of followers through the centuries, down to coeducation first adopted at Christian Oberlin. Another mark which early appeared was communism, possessions were distributed as everyone had need and all things were held in common. One of the early followers was indeed struck dead for withholding and lying about it. Provision was made for systematic distribution, a board of seven deacons was therefore chosen. Another mark was that the followers were chiefly if not altogether from the common people. Not many mighty, but fishermen, carpenters, tent-makers—essentially a proletarian following.

Another mark was racial oneness and social equality. Peter had his eyes opened to see the fact of the kinship and brotherhood of all men. Everyone that worked righteousness could join the fraternity. An Ethiopian applied for membership and was greeted as a brother. This was social democracy. There were to be in the fellowship no classes. As a matter of fact the rich and the rulers did not join the church until the spirit of Christ had largely vanished.

Another mark was the place given to children. Jesus early set an example of placing children in the midst—of such are the kingdom of God.

Another mark was the attention given to the criminal and outcast, so much attention indeed that as such were welcomed into the fellowship of Christ, it attracted unfavorable comment on the part of the more respectable portion of the community.

Anyone going into the Community Church, New York, will notice that one of the ushers is a Negro, another an Indian—signs of the presence of Christ.

These are some of the marks of the early Christian Church, when it possessed spiritual power, before it was swallowed up in the pagan empire of Rome and the cross became the symbol of conquering armies. These marks of being a Christian, a follower of Christ, were the ordinary fruits of conversion. The Christian was a changed man—but he became at once an active force in changing the world about him.

2. *What did I find in the Soviet Republic that might rightly be called marks of Christ?*

(1) The *abolition of dynasties.* I can think of nothing more hostile to a Christian society than dynasties. One need only to observe the trouble at this moment in Europe, with possible wars, arising out of the presence of kings, princes. The abolition of the czar and nobility—which happened before the Soviet Republic started—cleared the way for a classless society, in which the fruits of Christ may grow. The nature and work of the Russian hierarchy—keeping the people in ignorance and superstition—doing the bidding of the Czar—almost justified the remark of Lenin that religion was the opium of the people.

(2) The effort to *distribute possessions according to need.* This is nation-wide. It is an effort to carry out almost literally what the first Christian society

adopted as their plan—to own all possessions together and distribute according to need. The Soviet Union could not do better than to lift those words in Acts bodily and adopt them as the slogan of their economic plan of distribution.

(3) *Racial tolerance* and the solution of the *minority problem.* These are marks of the Christ-led society for fifty years after Christ came. They are conspicuous marks of the Soviet Union, with its over one hundred and fifty millions containing all races and colors and cultures. The minority problems—as of the Jews in Germany, and of the Germans in Poland and of the Irish in Ireland—have been solved by encouraging minorities. The lion and the lamb do lie down together. If this had been accomplished by a group of Christian missionaries, they would have been canonized for all ages.

(4) The entire basis of the Soviet government is industrial. No one can eat if he is not a worker (reminiscence of Paul's words to the Thessalonians). This means a *society of workers.* The government is of workers, by workers, and for workers. Of course, this includes *all* workers—teachers, doctors, bankers, farmers, miners, cooks, etc., etc.—which all constitute one classless society.

(5) The treatment of the lawless, or criminal class, in the Soviet Union is as near as possible to being Christian. Let me mention a sample to illustrate the method and idea underlying their treatment of criminals. About forty miles out of Moscow there is a place called the Trud Commune. Here are sent three thousand "incorrigibles." There are no guards, no locks, no guns, etc. A man may run away if he so chooses. It is a place of factories, schools, etc. Wages are paid. There are nice apartments for the "criminals." A man may take his wife and children to the Commune. When a lawbreaker comes he is given some work to do, but he may choose not to do it. For this no punishment is administered. He is allowed to mingle with the others as if he were a regular fellow. Before long he gives in voluntarily and learns that it is more pleasant to work and create than to be an idler and destroy things. It is a plan of social absorption back into society. I call that a Christ-idea—what is more to the point, it works and is being worked by those who would refuse to say, "Lord" but who produce the fruit.

(6) *Woman in Soviet Russia* has been completely liberated and is the equal of man—socially, legally, politically. It was accomplished at one bound. Illustrations of this may be found all over the Republic. The Soviet woman enjoys many privileges that the women of many advanced nations have not yet obtained. Few things it seems to me would satisfy Christ and his followers more than the elevation of woman to an equal position with man.

(7) I can think of few things that would please Christ more or that a Christian society would provide for with greater satisfaction than *care of children and their education.* The reports that come out of Soviet Russia indicate a general enthusiasm for education, a nearly successful effort to wipe out illiteracy. Just as straws that show the strong tendency to care for youth, let me say that the government has announced by proclamation that it considers "alcohol the worst enemy of the Republic." There are two things only that prisoners to the Trud Commune are not permitted to take with them and these are alcohol and cards. Two teachers in one of our High Schools in Seattle recently declared after several months in Russia visiting the institutions that "the young people there were the cleanest-minded young people they'd ever seen." Most notable is the attention paid women and children in the Republic.

(8) As in the early church the question of distribution is a pressing problem in any economic plan. This happens to be America's pressing problem. Let any American citizen solve the problem of properly relating production and distribution—he would be performing a great Christian act. A great stream of poverty and distress would be dried up. The angels would sing a new song over that deed. Now, it is certainly true that the Soviet Union has changed in a few years the farming of forty million people from medieval to the most modern traction-collective method in the world. The problem of properly relating the industrial workers of the cities in shops with the food and material producers in farms and mines has been practically solved. If neighbor-nations leave them alone, there will be no unemployment or food distress for generations.

The Soviet Republic presents the picture of a hundred and fifty million—spread over a sixth of the earth's surface energetically bending themselves to the task of abolishing poverty, superstition, ignorance, of conquering a continent, equipping themselves with the best means of transportation and manufacturing—filled with enthusiasm over their task—asking only to be let alone. Of all people we Americans should extend to them affection and admiration and good will—especially since America wrote a similar chapter of her history a hundred or more years ago—and, alas!—such is human tragedy—America was treated with the distrust and misunderstanding that the nations are now handing out to the Soviet Republic. A great people—General Grant called them "one of the three greatest peoples on earth"—aroused out of centuries of sleep and backwardness, entitled to cheers for the speedy progress so far gained, and running so fast with faces upward!

> Man has so few years and so many problems. It is so hard
> At best to understand each other.
> Why do we try so hard to keep from understanding?
> There is so little light each soul may offer in the
> Great puzzle of engulfing darkness.
> Why do we seek to hide that little light,
> When all of them together flaming golden,
> Might make us truly a World of Light.

3. What did I find at Geneva—where I spent two years observing from the press gallery the Conference for the Limitation of Armaments. I frankly confess that I found in the Conference few of the marks of Christ. There was much affirmation of "Lord, Lord," without the fruits. Petitions poured in from all parts of the world praying for the creation of a Peace Treaty. There were hundreds of speeches and sermons, committee meetings without end—but the fruits of Peace hung higher and higher out of the reach of mankind. And, affairs among the nations—in Japan, China, Germany, Austria etc.—grew worse and worse. It was a tragic case of professions without fruits. The present draft of a treaty is in Arthur Henderson's pocket. There has come no peace out of Geneva. Due, I am frank to say to the absence of Christ, i. e. his spirit, his methods, his principles—and in the city so written over with Christian history and names—were notable

for their absence. There was much talk, oration and worship but no fruit.

Who were there representing the fifty or more governments? For the most part, they were politicians, soldiers—representing dynasties and the business of the world—not representing Christ. It must be recalled that the kind of interest that kings and politicians showed when the Prince of Peace was born in Bethlehem was in his death. It was the same at Geneva.

The delegates at Geneva were practically the same men who wrote the Victors Peace at Versailles, in 1919. That was the set of men who robbed Germany and Austria of about all their lands, ships and arms after breaking a promise to them that they would take part in making a Treaty of Peace. Germany was disarmed in ninety days—yet these same men asserted that it would take years for their nations to disarm. The vast domain of Germany was apportioned around among a few of the Allies—the "spoils of war" as it is called. One of the chief despoilers was Lloyd George of Britain—and this same man is every week now telling fifteen million readers in America what to think and to do! This Treaty of Versailles was the chart by which the disarmament conference was compelled to guide its action and course! Christ had nothing to do with the making of the Treaty of Versailles. If Satan ever performed a master operation it was in this treaty, by which the defeated were despoiled and robbed —and national territory as in Europe was cut up in a way that made future wars unavoidable. It must be remembered that this Treaty is the basic constitution of the League of Nations. This provides that power is vested in a small Council, which is so constituted that two or three big powers, notably Britain, completely dominates and controls. Politicians of a few big powers controlled the course of the Peace Conference to the end that no disarmament was obtained.

Of course, it was a betrayal of the peoples of the world. It was a first-class world tragedy. It was a Christ-less enterprise, yet this was the enterprise that the English bishop of York opened with a sermon, at which Arthur Henderson, president of the conference, read the scripture lesson.

Some one has said that there are two kinds of morals for nations: 1. You (the other nation) do right; I will act as I please. 2. I will do right, no matter what you do. Needless to say, the first code of morals largely obtained at Geneva. By such a code—born out of war—disarmament could not be obtained.

Further, a nation that has obtained possessions by exploitation and holds them by force of arms is not willing to disarm. The spirit of Christ was shown in the early church when the followers were willing to give up their possessions and further to distribute them to others according to need. The fact that America is *slowly* becoming willing to give up the Philippine possessions is because they were taken by exploitation and are held by force. Britain, the world's prize exploiter —who has led America astray at times (an apt pupil) who has given Japan encouragement in her adventures to gain territory—holds India and other giant possessions by force and so long as they are not free to act, Britain will continue to arm and control public opinion. One reason why peace did not come at the conference was the dominance of Britain who cannot disarm and still hold India and other nations. But why did not the delegation from India get up in this world's meeting and cry out for freedom? Simply because the delegation had been picked by Britain. It is easily seen why Christ did not find a seat at the conference. Politicians who represent governments that possess or hold mortgages on oil wells and coal mines, whose titles are defended by force do not care for the peace of Christ. The same day that Japanese planes were bombing Shanghai, British planes were keeping order by bombing the tribes of Northwest India. Britain declined to be party in an agreement to abolish bombing because of the necessity to police India and Africa and the islands of the seas by such means.

I saw a few earnest efforts to write a disarmament treaty. One was the plan proposed by President Hoover. It proposed a cut of a quarter or a third. It was favored by quite a number of the nations. There was a real chance for a treaty. But, some of the big powers do not care to disarm a third or quarter. After jockeying and referring to special committees it was voted down. Even the American delegation voted against their own proposition, it having been served up so appetizingly in reverse style. Britain was the chief agent for the defeat of this proposition. On that day—in July, 1932—Germany walked out of the conference, on the ground that the conference did not seem to be serious over obtaining disarmament. The defeat of the Hoover proposals did more to bring Germany to her present state than any other single thing during the past two years.

To show why the disarmament conference did not bear the fruits of Christ, let me mention several things. Peace can never be expected from a company of politicians working on the code of the Treaty of Versailles. One can but shudder when he remembers that the Council of the League of Nations is practically the administrator of the legacy of the Great Robbery—the title held by legal sanction, held by force—mandates (practical ownership over lands, peoples, treasures) that all together compose a territory greater than the vast domains of the Roman Empire at the peak of her glory. Remember, that this Council is made up of fifteen members, and among these Britain and France have control because of their military power and acknowledged leadership. Christ has no place at this Council table.

Another thing, the women and children are not represented at the Geneva meetings. They sent petitions—from all over the world. Women are to be found in the offices and in the Labor section of the League—but the matters of the disarmament are in the hands of males. Women who suffer the most from war do not count at Geneva when disarmament comes up. How can Christ approve?

The workers are not at Geneva. How can we expect to gain disarmament without the workers—such men as made up the first Christian society. The men there are representatives of governments—politicians—representing kings, nobility, the army and navy. A few workers' groups presented petitions—but the voice of Labor was not uttered by workingmen. Yet, the workers know more about war than any other class. It seems to me that a convention of workers (or women) could write the terms of a peace agreement that would mean real disarmament, even total disarmament. Why is it that Russia has now for ten years, on three separate occasions, in world conference (this last conference included)—has proposed and urged a proposition calling for drastic disarmament leading in a few years to total disarmament. One reason is that

Russia believes that she represents the workers of the world and the workers of the whole world earnestly demand disarmament—even to the point of total disarmament. The absence of Christ from Geneva may be explained partly by the fact that the women and workers of the world were not there as makers of treaties of peace. Why not? I do not look for disarmament until power is in the hands of workers, both men and women, uninfluenced by politicians.

Here are some of the other things I learned as a Christian at Geneva: I learned that there must be disarmament if there is to be peace. There must be both a mental and an actual disarmament. Arms must be abolished. The sword must be put up, and not gradually, but immediately and totally. Security is to be gained by the abolition of arms. One of the most disquieting features in American life is the swift appeal everywhere to the false protection of arms, of gas, of guns.

I have many times watched committees in efforts to agree to underwrite a clause in a treaty which called for the abolition of some specific weapon, such as submarine, bacteria, gas, bombing from the air. They invariably failed because possessing an armed mentality, they were not willing to throw themselves upon the security of friendship and fair dealing. They were not willing to adopt what is clearly the way of Christ, namely overcoming through love and non-violence.

I learned at Geneva that the Anglo-Saxon is the greatest menace to world peace. It was generally recognized by those who were in the inside—in the press-gallery—that the Soviets consistently worked for peace measures, even for those not of their own suggesting. It was generally admitted that the Soviet non-aggression peace treaties which they have been willing to write with any neighbor nation have been practically the only peace measures worth noting in Europe.

Where in all the world has the Christ ideal been realized as in the Soviet Republic? And where has there been such failure as in Geneva as marked by the absence of Christ.

Standing now in this pulpit, recalling how Christ has been realized in lands which did not say "Lord, Lord," and unrealized in lands that proclaimed him "Lord, Lord," there should come a fresh impulse to realize him here in Seattle as we look afresh over the Pacific and think of our neighbors. Something in us should respond to the saintly Gandhi who tries to lead the way up and out into freedom through non-violence, also respond to Sun Yet Sen and Kagawa seeking to bring their people into liberty, men who insist that men should not only acquire personal spirituality and character but should seek to bring to their fellows social justice and cooperation, should not rest content with saying "Lord, Lord," but should bear fruits.

Fruits of what? These can be determined by noting that these words are the closing words of an address given by Christ, placed at the beginning of the First Gospel—having a message that probably most had the attention of the early followers. These words of Jesus may be called the supreme Code of Christ. To heed them is to find the road to life eternal—both now and forever. What are these commandments of Christ. They are plain: *Be not angry, Be pure, Speak the truth, Meet evil with good, Love not only your neighbor but your enemy, Forgive if you expect to be forgiven, Be filled with faith not fear, Judge not that you be not judged, Do unto others what you would like them to do to you, By their fruits you shall know them, Everyone that heareth these words of mine and doeth them shall be like a wise man who built his house upon a Rock.*

The *fruits* of these words wherever they appear and under whatever name are *marks* of the presence and reign of Christ—when they are wanting, they mean the absence of Christ.

SYDNEY STRONG.

"The People's Choice" in California

The first publication of election results, whenever and wherever the election has more than incidental and individual meaning, is usually a poor index of what the results really signify of general and permanent value. The California election this year is of more than ordinary applicability to this observation. Only a studied analysis of the areas of decision, and the movement of class interest and feeling within these areas, can tell us the full story of this sectional exhibit of the social reactions of the American people. How did labor vote? How did the churches vote? How did the women vote? What were the factors which operated most effectively at any one, or all of these points of approach to the American mind? To what extent may we infer like reactions within like areas of the people's choice in the political field throughout the United States for this present hour, and for the days to come? It will be a long time, not days, but weeks, and months, and quite possibly years and decades before intelligent judgment can function broadly in estimating just what November 6, in California, told. Not only beforehand, but long afterward in the more serious instances of human affairs, "we know in part, and we prophesy in part."

The formal results will be known when this article appears, and much will have been said and written by way of comment upon the apparent outcome of the appeal to the people. It is not difficult to forecast this comment in the press as a whole. On practically any issue of any fundamental importance to the people it is tragically easy to tell in advance what the newspapers will say, and to discount it for the essentially dishonest utterance it is. More than once during the last weeks of Upton Sinclair's campaign his lieutenants have repeated his own remarks, that although his enemies were quoting widely and wildly excerpts from various Sinclair writings of former years to discredit him, particularly from his "Profits of Religion," they were significantly silent as to the testimony which he had given in regard to the character of the press, in his book, "The Brass Check." Sinclair's campaign summary of the part the press plays in social crisis in the United States was indicated in his comprehensive designation of this mechanism of publicity as "The Lie Factory." The designation is milder than is the more appropriate term, "The Brass Check," with the author's explanation of the origin and meaning of that term, and it is also, of necessity in these times of the

radio and the political bill-board, more comprehensive. But the daily papers are quite unanimously working this year to merit both descriptions, so far as the Sinclair campaign, and the aftermath of comment upon it, is concerned.

Let me confess that for myself I have taken no part in the campaign, not even to the extent of attending upon any Sinclair meeting. For this there are two reasons; first, that I am doubtful, and have been from the beginning, as I explained frankly to Upton Sinclair himself, as to the wisdom of the campaign, either with reference to the future standing and influence of Sinclair in the world revolutionary movement, or as to the future of that movement itself in California and throughout America, which I think likely to be more discredited than advanced by anything any moderate and gradual program of economic relief can, at this hour, accomplish as a political proceeding, whether under the Socialist or the Democratic name. If I were persuaded that such discredit would not ensue upon Sinclair's assumption of the Governorship I would have nevertheless refrained from activity on his behalf because my own more pronounced positions in the revolutionary field would have disadvantaged rather than advantaged his appeal to people who are more conservative than myself. Notwithstanding all this I have followed the Sinclair campaign with openness of mind, and with a sympathetic appreciation of the extraordinarily able course which he has pursued. Thirty years acquaintance with Upton Sinclair has given me a warm and high regard for him, and this regard has not been lessened by the astonishing adroitness and capacity he has demonstrated in carrying on his fight against the combinations of great wealth, illimitable vindictiveness, and utter unscrupulousness he has long had to meet.

Indeed, I think that the major value of the Sinclair campaign, and of its continuance in any form wherein his attack upon the American plunderbund may yet function, is mainly at the point where the Sinclair writings, and Sinclair's personal utterances have always been weak. He has proven himself a master in the exposé of capitalist incompetence and corruption, and the inevitable unworkability of capitalism from the sheer point of material process, apart from all consideration of the common good. He has been one of the most effective exhibitors in advance of the assured results of a planned society, directed to human rather than to mammonistic ends. But his very excellencies of personal disposition, the optimism which has enabled him to battle so successfully all his life against all but insuperable odds, the naivete with which he undertakes what a more questioning realism would hesitate to assume, all these characteristics, and more, have operated to conceal from Sinclair himself. and from the whole school of thought to which he belongs, the practical impregnability of so vast and varied a vested interest as is on the side of the established order in the major capitalist nations of the world. It is curious how slow the religious world has been to see that it is the religiousness of Sinclair's whole philosophy of social change at the primary point of revolutionary crisis which has made it personally impossible for him to accept the Communist analysis of revolutionary strategy. A Merriam can easily enough justify violence, not only at the point of patriotic conflict with a foreign nation, but quite as readily in industrial strife, as can the vast majority of Christians who will support such as he in public office. Sinclair, did, indeed, accept violence as a *via media* during the World War, but he has never forgiven himself for it. That the Social Revolution can be carried out gradually, fractionally, peacefully, and finally with entire success on these lines he is bound by all his natural disposition and individual make-up to believe.

There was much to give him encouragement at the beginning of his campaign. Organized labor had been so beggarly treated in California, especially in Southern California, even before the San Francisco strike, and the strike-breaking activities of Governor Merriam; unorganized labor had suffered such intolerable outrage in the agricultural areas; and the National Administration's NRA program carried so much of warrant in the labor section of it for especial emphasis at that point that there seemed to be good reason to reckon on large labor support. Again, especially in Southern California, social protest was making such progress in the churches that there might be reasonably expected considerable aid from that direction, as, in fact, there has been in and around Los Angeles. Finally there was the psychology of the hour, more or less implicit in the positions to which the Democratic Party had come, which gave promise of further movement toward the sort of radicalism which Sinclair was willing to accept as an opening in the walls of capitalism. Until the hour of Sinclair's astounding Primary success these, and other factors not necessary to mention here, presaged more than a moderate possibility both of election to the office, and of popular sympathy and support in a measure which would suffice to make the office of real revolutionary consequence.

The papers played with the campaign in this period, compared with the unanimity and the vindictiveness of their opposition afterward. They were amused and incredulous at first. There were divisions of immediate nominating interest which made for emphasis upon rival candidates within the two major parties rather than for any notable concern with either Sinclair or Haight. When it was found that Sinclair had actually captured the Democratic nomination it was hoped for a time in wide circles that Haight would develop enough strength to make his support a practicable way of avoiding the election of either Sinclair or Merriam. When this hope disappeared, and the day of the people's decision drew near, the full animus of the opposition was let loose. Where open denunciation of Merriam had appeared while nominations were on, open support of Merriam was carried on with a mendacity and maliciousness hardly less than that of the Los Angeles *Times* or the San Francisco *Chronicle*. The San Francisco *News*, a Scripps-Howard paper, one of the most prominent of these facing-both-ways apologists wrote frankly, in an editorial taking to task the *Sacramento Bee* for continuing the support of Haight: "The Bee is wasting good white paper when it tries to cut down the Merriam vote materially by proving that Mr. Merriam is not the kind of man Californians want in the governor's chair. *The great majority of those who mark their ballots for Merriam on Nov. 6 will not be voting FOR Merriam. They will be voting AGAINST Upton Sinclair.*" Just so! The vast majority of the people of California have never wanted Frank Merriam as their Governor. His nomination as Lieutenant Governor was akin to the Vice-Presidential nominations which have again and again in the American experience given us a President who

was but a sop thrown to some section of the electorate so as to get by with another man's election. Merriam is a pitiful figure even among politicians. If he has ever voted for a progressive measure, record of it does not appear. Only two Sundays before the election when a certain prominent church in Oakland, engaged just now in playing up to the money sources so as to get a new church building, invited the Governor to speak at a "ground-breaking" for the new enterprise, the Governor showed so little sensibility as to the proprieties of the hour that he engaged in an open political spiel which caused him to be cut off from the air, although the delivery end of the radio service was in the very church from which he spoke.

But, fit or unfit, there must be support for the man capitalism is bound to use to stay the mildest approach to fundamental social change. Labor must be intimidated by every device known to American politics in the hands of plutocracy; the churches must be scandalized and cajoled, by lying misrepresentations of the attitude of so genuine a religionist as Upton Sinclair is, and equally fallacious appeals to the orthodox for the support of a stand-patter in the theological as in the political field. And as if this were not enough, with much more that might be recited to the same effect, at almost the last minute Los Angeles and San Francisco vie in an open effort to disfranchise voters likely to be neither cajoled nor intimidated by them, by the thousands and the tens of thousands. Capitalism is as ready to steal the election as to steal the character and convictions of an opposing candidate. And this fact, let me repeat, is more important as a revelation of the slight measures in which political campaigning can avail against entrenched interest of the capitalist type and power than is anything that Upton Sinclair has said, or anything that any Governor of California can do at the present hour to unseat the powers that be. There was needed just such a demonstration as we have had, and will have yet in harsher and more unscrupulous degree, if possible, to awaken the American people to the realities of the social decisions which are before them.

What will Upton Sinclair do now? Of this little can be said with positiveness at this moment. But that little is worth saying, if only to stress the need of a realism beyond his.

From the beginning of his campaign to the conclusion of it, Upton Sinclair has assumed three things which, if he continues to give them his emphasis, will condemn him to a futility like unto that which attended upon Henry Clay in his efforts to compromise the issues that eventuated in the Civil War, or the tragedy which fell upon Woodrow Wilson in compromising the finalities of the World War.

(1) Sinclair has assumed that under capitalism unemployment is identical with poverty. But the primary problem of the capitalist world is not unemployment, it is employment. Here, in brief, is the unanswerable indictment of capitalist employment, from which the whole debacle of capitalism's end proceeds. It is, over much of its area, employment for the production of illth rather than the production of wealth. This wastage Stuart Chase has sufficiently demonstrated. It is, over practically all its area, chaotic, dependent upon the whim and caprice of the individual, limited by monopoly control. It is, at its points of highest compensation, cleverly and unscrupulously combative. The highest cost of capitalist goods is salesmanship, which is the art of keeping employment for yourself by lessening it for others. Finally, employment under capitalism, when it is most prosperous is driving fastest and farthest toward collapse and catastrophe. Our's, the ablest and the most prosperous capitalist nation is the nation which is most successful in displacing labor. Employment, under private ownership of the means of production, and the private marketing of the goods, is utterly unworkable, the more people you set to work, and the more effectively they work, the more unworkable.

(2) Sinclair assumes that the ballot is an effective instrument for the solution of fundamental social change. It is not, as all our national history has shown, and as is indicated in the double fact that the area of action is too large to yield either intelligence or coherence, and the time area is too small to consummate any adequate program. An election, to be secured, must embrace so vast a body of ignorant and variant opinion as to water down fatally any program that can be put forth in advance. Sinclair's own campaign has proven this. The election secured, at a cost which emasculates the program in advance, another election is upon the party in power before results can be had, or, if had, justified by the event. Political action is only workable where there are no major issues at stake, and, in fact, never really turns upon major considerations except as a multiplicity of candidates allows of minority success. This was true of Sinclair's success at the primary. It was true when Lincoln was elected, both in his first and second campaigns.

(3) Sinclair assumes that the political process is to be preferred because it is non-violent. But the background of all political government is violence. No State can stand when it has lost control of the militia and the police, and they are incarnate violence, for the sustaining of the established order. The established order is established on the robbery of the people, of their common right to the land, and their common ownership of the productive and distributive process. The strength of Governor Merriam in the California campaign, a strength which prevailed against weakness otherwise that stirred even his supporters to contempt, was that he showed himself willing to employ the implicit violence in the hands of the State for active use to suppress the workers. What would rugged individualisms do with private property, in all its forms, but for the backing of potential violence, ready to shoot down the people wholesale in the interest of the status quo? Neither in California nor anywhere else in the world is there any such status as non violence. The only issue is as to how much violence must be maintained in the background, and how active at any given crisis it must be, to maintain the present precarious unbalance of our iniquitous social order. There will never be peace in the world until social balance is so adjusted that the sword will not be needed to hold it up. This can only be when control is taken from the few and given to the many, and when economic ownership is so distributed that artificial support gives way to the stability of common interest. Until then, everyone who supports the present order is a partner in violence devoted to the undoing of the people. Neither strikes nor revolutions are necessarily violent in their original character, or are violent only in incidental degree. It is the work of suppressing them, and restoring the deposed tyranny, whether in factory or nation, which is violence, legal violence to the utmost

power which the established, or once established order, can command.

The people's power is at the point of their necessary and constant contribution to the running of the economic machine. When they withdraw that power, if the withdrawal is adequate, not only is public sustenance involved, but the power of the State to carry on, *by force,* that sustenance at the expense of the workers, is paralyzed. Then, and then only, can the privileged plunderbund, maintained by the swords of a State subordinated to them, be expropriated of their economic power, by which they control, and the State power can be utilized to build rather than maim and destroy the common good. Violence is a false issue when it is raised against those who would transfer power from the few to the many. Until the transfer is made at the point of economic power, politics labor in vain.

Sinclair was foredoomed to defeat, whether he had won the governorship or not. His defeat, had he been elected, would have been more long drawn out, to the probable destruction of his own health, and to the quite certain discrediting of the cause for which he fights. The people's choice is too remote from the control. Any order which is buttressed in economic control can make it to the immediate advantage of practically everybody to stand in with that control, since it is by economics and not by ballots that we live. Moreover, any attack upon economic control, in the measure that it is real and comprehensive of power to change that control, involves immediate consequences of disorder and disadvantage over such large areas of the social life that it will not be continued through political vicissitudes long enough to grow up. *The transfer of economic power can only be made by the exercise of economic power.* If Upton Sinclair will spend the rest of his days, and his extraordinary genius for propaganda, in educating the workers in the art of refusing their cooperation with their present exploitation, and the development of the crisis wherein they can take economic power immediately and decisively out of the hands of plunder and make production one with users' control, then will he have meaning, and large meaning, for the testing time that is coming, not in the political but in the industrial field. His present failure has demonstrated how futile any other appeal is. No moderation avails against those who know where the issue lies. And the capitalists do. When the workers do, then relief will be here. Majorities are easily made, and unmade. The disciplined minority, with a decisive hand upon the decisive situation, is the need of the hour. Sinclair cannot afford to shut his eyes to that need. He will get the name whether he does the deed or not.

ROBERT WHITAKER.

In Defense of a German Tradition—Johann Valentin Andreae and His "Christianopolis"

Those interested in the cause of civilization should beware of the advance of barbarism, manifesting its approach through religious persecution and race hatred.

These policies have manifested themselves in unspeakable oppressions and acts of cruelty. They threaten not only the extermination of the liberty of those who live under his rule, but the liberty, integrity and independence of neighboring States.

Judge Seabury, at the trial "Hitlerism vs. Civilization," held in the Madison Square Garden, New York City.

The advent and brutalities of the Hitler regime, the economic pogrom, the social and political persecutions by the Nazi of minorities, calls for a defense of the German people who, like most nations, are very seldom fully responsible for the policies of crime perpetrated by rulers who happen to be at the helm and in full control of the military forces of the land. Tyrannies and rulers come and go, but the soul of a nation goes on, manifesting its true greatness with the procession of time.

Johann Valentin Andreae, author of the ideal state "Christianopolis," is one of Germany's intellectual and spiritual giants, whose greatness cannot be appreciated by a Hitler or his henchmen in power. He can only be recognized by a civilization which has banished racial hatreds and brutal force, gladly following the dictates of reason, truth and creative peace. Born in the last quarter of the XVIth century (1586), as Dekan at Calw and later as Hofprediger at Stuttgart, Andreae distinguished himself as teacher of pedagogical principles whose influence greatly contributed to the advancement of science as later exemplified by the labors of the Royal Society. In the year 1619, following the traditions of Plato, More and Campanella, he published his utopia *Reipublicae Christianopolitanae Descriptio* wherein, as teacher and reformer, he undertook the building of an ideal Village of Peace (Caphar Salama) where peaceful moral education, harmonious rational living and scientific investigation were to replace conventional hypocrisy, sophistry and tyranny. In place of force, hatred, exploitation of man by man and universal strife the youth of Friedensdorf was trained by expert instructors whose combined excellence of character and skill instilled freedom, honesty, justice and the quest for the true, the good and the things beautiful. In place of an assembly of bargaining politicians, a College of Science labors and leads for the betterment of mankind; while the implements of war—heaps of murderous weapons—are looked upon "with terror" by the refined citizenship. Though written fully three hundred and fifteen years ago, there is hardly a modern subject that fails to find an echo in the pages of "Christianopolis." And he makes it unmistakably clear as to what he is aiming at: He is opposed to a *status quo* "where the soul of a man may be sold for any price;" and he is pleading for a social order where justice is the rule, and not the exception.

Since his ideal state is "the stronghold of honesty and excellence," there can be no room for the fanning of the lower passions nor for the use of force. "Our laws compel or constrain no one," is the keynote of the new social order. Human needs must be attended to, of course; but a planned economy sees to it that the best is obtained at a minimum of unpleasant exertion. The citizens of "Christianopolis" have very few working hours, "yet no less is accomplished than in other places (where) ten working men with difficulty support one idler." Their citizens are not driven to work "like pack-animals to their tasks . . . with them the powers are

reinforced by a perfect balance of work and pleasure," and "things are done in order that the human soul may have some means by which it and the highest prerogative of the mind may unfold themselves." The result is that "no one in the whole island ever goes hungry." Meat, fish and even wine "is apportioned weekly according to the number of families from the public storehouses."

As to greed for money to which among us mortals "is due public corruption; with (which) the heavens are sold, the soul is fettered, the body bound, hell bought,"—among the people of "Christianopolis" "no one can be superior to the other in the amount of riches owned, since the advantage is rather one of power and genius, and the highest respect that of morals and piety." For wisdom and happiness they do not go to the "vast volumes of nothingness, . . . lies, and fallacies" but to "a higher light within," placing their faith "in a clear conscience;" for they find more within themselves "than out of whole piles of books." Modern criminology seems to be in actual practice there. They are "chary of spilling blood . . . they punish least of all those which harm only property (!)" They are persuaded that "Poor indeed is that physician who is more ready to burn and to cut, than to cleanse and to revive . . . (for) anyone can destroy a man, but only the best one can reform."

Having organized the economic, social and spiritual life of the commonwealth upon the pillars of "equality, the desire for peace, and the contempt for riches, (and) against haughtiness among those in high places, dishonesty among office-holders, extravagance among the citizens;" having as teachers men and women who were always "first in merit," guiding towards a goal which is to set a just "example to posterity" in the spirit of "mutual kindnesses;" it will not surprise the modern reader to learn that in Andreae's Utopia "in most instances a family consists of four or five, less frequently six individuals, father, mother, and one or two children." Apparently, since they have no need for cheap labor anxious to be exploited by some remorseless profiteer, nor have they the desire to conquer their neighboring nations with destructive legions of hated and hating storm-troopers, the intelligent limitation of one's family is regarded as a pious duty by the citizens of a truly civilized Christian City. The woman of "Christianopolis" is not merely a cook and breeding machine; she "is simple and open" and fears not to pass judgment on vital topics of common concern. "Whatever she sees, against divinity and humanity, she disapproves. . . . She knows of nothing so objectionable as hypocrisy and sophistry;" the accepted opinion being that "no virtue has been inaccessible to women, and there is none in which they have not excelled."

Neither is the servant of God muzzled or coerced by ruling despotisms nor by any other worldly considerations; since it is conceded that by choosing his calling in life he has entered into a "sacred covenant . . . that he himself be silent upon nothing which is true or wholesome." While the modern world looks at age and the aged workers as a useless ballast, in "Christianopolis" they have special guardians appointed to "nurse them, cheer them up, honor and consult them." There is nothing parasitic about the legislators of the Village of Peace, who "take no pleasure in sucking the sap out of others' goods, or fattening lazily. But as the sun shines, so they brighten everyone, consult for all, work for all." Lobbying, lies and misuse of public trust is not their domain, for their reward "is the consciousness of right; in which they exult."

Fully devoted to honorable recreation and pursuits, Andreae's citizens are permeated with the conviction, which is translated in every-day life, that "instruction enters much more pleasantly in the presence of refinement than among the base;" and have their lives planned accordingly. Reasons Andreae—"If one speaks truthfully, modestly, and heartily, he has outdone Cicero in eloquence. To speak briefly whatever breathes the spirit, will have tremendous effect; whatever smacks of artificiality will be powerless." As to the responsibility of social leadership, he has this vital reflection to make—"If like strangers in a foreign land they shall bring to humanity no assistance or counsel . . . then I think they deserve to be condemned and classed with the tenders of sheep, cattle, and dogs. . . ."

A people that produced a Luther, an Andreae, a Goethe, a Wagner, a Stirner; aye, a Bebel, a Liebknecht, a Marx and an Einstein cannot be misled nor abused by blind leaders for any length of time without an inevitable revival that will reassert the true creative genius of the German nation, in spite of the temporary relapse towards barbarism and the "psychic epidemic" that placed hooligans at the helm. And our own generation may yet live to see the rule of an immoral Hitler regime superseded by a just social order modeled after the noblest tradition of a German Christianopolis: following the principles of justice and democracy as already adopted in 1919 in the *Weimar Constitution* by the German people, but now betrayed by a group of irresponsible medieval scavengers of hate and persecution. It is proper indeed to remind the present rulers of Germany how a true son of the Fatherland ordained for future guidance of his people. Pleads Andreae—

We do not force our manners upon others, nor do we defend them to the limit. Let those who are better than we, judge us, teach us, criticize us; they will find that we are no less teachable than we are patient.

DAVID GITTLEMAN.

Tempest in Austria

(February, 1934)

For every stream of woman's blood they spilt,
For every moaning child they scarred and maimed,
For every spattering crimson shell that flamed
Against the homes devoted hands had built;
For every sabre reddened to the hilt
With lives of toiling folk who only claimed
The common birthright—who, oh who is shamed
Beyond contempt? and whose the scarlet guilt?

Whose but a world grown rheumy-eyed and old,
That forges guns and scorns the bondsman's cry
While wrangling in a senile rage for gold—
A world that seeks, with screaming bombs, to buy
The truth and pity which its lords have sold—
Oh, world grown sick at heart and near to die!

STANTON A. COBLENTZ.

What Interstate Free Trade Teaches

The average American, who has not even in imagination gone far afield and who has as yet hardly waked to the fact that we have forever departed from our old-time "splendid isolation," looks with childlike indifference or bewilderment at the new problems of world-finance which are subtly affecting his pocketbook, his vote, his sense of national honor and his son's life. Until 1914, what had Central Africa mattered to him, or what mattered it what Lombard Street or the Paris Bourse or Essen thought of these stupendous movements of capital directed toward Asiatic ports or to the jungles and hinterlands of the untraveled world? To him they were almost as remote and vague as the politics upon the planet Mars. He was vastly more interested in deciding whether his son should go to Yale or Harvard, and whether his wife should have a Pierce Arrow or a Cadillac. And then, because of these world-interests far from his ken, he was suddenly jerked up rigid with the consciousness that his boy had gone neither to Yale nor Harvard, but was wallowing in blood and slime in a hole in the ground in Flanders.

He was convinced absolutely that there was but one simple reason for this metamorphosis of his old, familiar world—the absolute depravity and devilishness of the Hun. He has now looked deeper and seen some of the causes that led to that particular devilishness as well as to that international anarchy, the product of a hundred elements, which turned the world into a charnel house.

If he will take time to study the true interpreters of the lessons of modern finance, he can find the germ of the fever which inflamed the world. He will realize that each family has now become a cell in a great organism. Though the cell be remote from the brain and heart of the world, its daily life has now come to depend on the great flow of trade that surges through the arteries, and upon the thoughts which are telegraphed by the nerves of electricity from the world's brain-centers and reach directly or indirectly to every cell. The realization of this must come from the sense of interdependence, of the absolute helplessness now of each separate family unless connected with the next larger unit, and so on successively to the largest unit of all—humanity.

Very often, to our amazement, we are finding that the most compelling relationship is that which seems most remote, as the distant sun which looks about the size of the moon affects us a million times as much as that. Who would have supposed that any act at Potsdam could have torn a Nebraska farmer boy from home and sent him to shoot a Tyrolese mountaineer, or that world-interests would ship boys from Alabama to Siberia, and Australians to African deserts, on errands which they had not willed nor understood? Unless these large world-relationships are now studied as being the most vital, we face disasters, hell may be let loose again, though no peoples want war. They must be taught in all schools and colleges and in Sunday Schools, and given as much attention in reading newspapers as is given to betting, crime, comics, and scandals.

The war-sick world needs great interpreters of movements and events at this time of emotion and quick crystallization of unfounded convictions, half-truths, and short-sighted policies. These are not the less dangerous among our citizens, even when backed by superb self-sacrifice and noble courage. Clear vision now as to a new world-order may save the setback of civilization for a century to come.

Among the fourteen points offered by President Wilson in his presentation of the ultimate ends of the war which were accepted by both enemy and Allies, probably not one was more essential for the attainment of permanent peace than the "removal, so far as possible, of all economic barriers, and the establishment of an equality of trade conditions among all nations consenting to the peace and associating themselves for its maintenance." This, as the President made clear, means not free trade, as his opponents have asserted, but abolition "of discriminatory trade agreements." Free trade for us is not a matter of practical politics in a world which seems planning to increase tariffs. But it is well for every one who hopes to lessen wars and to promote prosperity to consider what may be learned from what became the most prosperous country in the world, our own beloved land.

Artificial barriers between nations excite precisely the same feelings that were aroused between certain of our states shortly after the Revolution and before the Constitution was adopted. People in New York City got their vegetables from New Jersey farms and their firewood from Connecticut, hundreds of cords being brought weekly from there on ships into New York harbor. Suddenly, a legislative decree on the part of New York imposed customs duties, and neighbor states were enraged to find that their citizens were hindered by a tariff from sending across the boundary, just as they might have been if sending from France to Italy. New York even imposed taxes also on goods passing through her ports to New Jersey. In one town in Connecticut the merchants were so incensed that they agreed that they would levy a fine of $250 on any one who for a year should sends goods into New York. Men who had fought shoulder to shoulder against a common foe in the Revolution were dangerously near a rupture.

The seething revolt over trade problems deepened the anxiety with which Washington and Franklin and their colleagues faced their task on taking their seats in Independence Hall that fateful May morning in 1787. The Constitutional Convention assembled behind closed doors and, while working out a plan to federate discordant states, unwittingly formulated what has been the basis of every national constitution written in the world since then. Among their great achievements was the provision that will forever prevent economic barriers between our states. Today "America, the beautiful, from sea to shining sea," records that, despite the appalling existence of lawlessness, cupidity, and crimes of homicide within the forty-eight states, and despite the fact that one-third of the states tried to withdraw from the Union, there has been an unbroken history of peace with justice as between one state and another. No state has ever fought another state. Had economic barriers intervened between small and large states and states with diversified products, friction, injurious rivalries and coercions would have undoubtedly broken up the union which is our nation.

Those stately, bewigged gentlemen, marking out the ground plan of a mighty republic, builded better than they knew, as Mr. Hoover has just reminded us.

They realized that it was the business of civilization to make it easy to do right, to keep man's latent deviltry dormant. This must be done by producing a Supreme Court to settle interstate disputes and by removing economic barriers, and legislating in the interest of the common man, the consumer, rather than in the interest of certain classes of producers. The founders of our republic took human nature as it was, and by getting each state to surrender a little of its sovereignty, they laid the basis for national good will and an unbounded prosperity unless entrance into war should frustrate it.

Before the world became organic and interdependent, in the pre-Napoleonic days of travel on horseback, nations were so largely self-sufficient that the question of trade barriers bore no such close relationship to world-peace as it does today. Now the quotations on the stock market in Paris and New York are posted in Constantinople and Tokyo in a few hours. The seventy-page Sunday newspaper in New York reflects the life of the whole planet the day before.

We have seen customs-unions in limited areas bringing people of different nations temporarily into more friendly relations, by removing economic barriers. But the world has not yet faced the need of enlarging these areas and ensuring the gradual removal of economic barriers as one of the necessary conditions for a durable peace; and we have not yet surrendered any sovereignty and entered the World Court, to say nothing of taking the pledge which most nations have done to use it. The United States has not yet fulfiled its mission.

LUCIA AMES MEAD.

Taking the Profits Out of War

The increase of naval and air forces is now the acknowledged policy of all the Great Powers. Various excuses are made for the policy, but the excuses are of no importance. Most of them are silly; and the silliest is that offered by a spokesman of the British Government, to the effect that our increase of air forces would induce other nations to reduce theirs. The most important political fact at the moment is that the majority of the citizens of all the Great Powers have accepted the policy of increasing armaments. Clearly, in the minds of those concerned with preparations for war, a great war is nearer; and it would be unreasonable to blame generals and admirals for making that judgment upon the complete failure of the politicians to make war less likely. In every nation, however, it is still commonly believed that, if war occurs, "we" can keep out of it. Increased armaments in any nation are quite honestly believed to make it less likely that that nation shall be involved in any war which occurs. The belief is on the level of medieval magic, according to which one wore a turnip hung on one's neck, in order to cure a boil. Battleships and bombing aeroplanes are supposed to frighten foreigners—although, of course, if other people have them, "we" boldly get more of them for ourselves.

The delusion that "we" can stand outside and let the other fellows fight it out, is very widespread in Great Britain and the United States. It is based upon the old conception of the sea as a means of isolation; but it is supported by the traditional education in both countries. Another cause of the present desire for isolation in case of war is, however, less honorable. It is the desire to sell munitions to both sides in any war. Not only do Great Britain and the United States stand apart from European or Asiatic quarrels, but the arms-traders of both these countries are accustomed to sell without prejudice to anyone who has a quarrel. The "ring" for the prize-fight is kept by those who supply the boxing gloves. And if we look below the surface, at the present armaments policy of the Great Powers, we can see pretty clearly the advantage which the arms-traders derive from it. The preparation for war—even a war which is a long way off—is almost as profitable for some people as war itself. If, therefore, we are committed to an increase of arms, we ought also to be committed to a new way of getting arms. We should not be blinded by the plea that we can prepare war without any danger for ourselves.

The French Chamber of Deputies, having accepted the policy of increasing armaments, has also had under consideration the establishment of a Commission for supervising the profits to be derived from the new armaments. It is generally understood in France that, even if war occurs, no one should be allowed to make profit out of it. Young men may have to die, but it is still worse if their deaths increase the wealth of certain old gentlemen who run the trade in arms. Indeed, it is now a popular policy in France to "take the profit out of war." If we could make war less profitable to private arms-manufacturers and newspaper-owners, then war would be less likely. And the first step is to take the profit out of the increase of armaments, before war breaks out. In Great Britain we should see to it that the new orders for aircraft do not bring excess profits to the private firms which are supporting the policy of increasing the air forces. Either the whole of the increased supply should be made by Government factories, or—if "nationalization" is anathema—there should be a close supervision of all firms manufacturing for Government orders.

This is not merely an anti-capitalistic policy: it is genuinely "national." All Parties should agree that war is not an opportunity for the private enrichment of small groups of people "behind the lines." A good Conservative believes that men should be prepared to die for "their country," but surely not for the special advantage of newspaper-owners and arms-traders. And if the arms-traders are "patriotic," they should have no objection to having their accounts supervised in the national interest. Let us look at the cost of the new policy. That cost has to be paid out of taxation. But we should get better value—even in instruments of destruction—if we did not allow the increased demand to raise the price of what we are buying. It is, therefore, bad financial policy to increase the orders for aircraft without making any provision against the consequent rise in prices of all war-material. If we assume, as we now must, that an increase of orders for armaments is inevitable, we should at least have the sense to protect ourselves from the disadvantage, to the national budget, of this increase.

This is not a "peace" policy, except in the sense that it may do something to make people less romantic and more realistic about war. All kinds of immense changes are proposed for the elimination of war; and, no doubt, it would be good if the Great Powers would

reduce their armaments. But the situation at present is so much worse than it has been for the past five years that any move, however small, would be good, if it resisted the tendency to war. To take the profits out of arms manufacture would be a small beginning. There is not much hope of even that. The influences in favor of private profit, derived from war, are terribly strong. These influences operate behind the scenes. They have been at work in all countries to support the new policy of increasing navies and air forces. They are at work even at Geneva. The entry of Russia into the League, which may take place at this year's Assembly, may do something to counteract the influence of the arms-traders upon the policy of the chief States in the League. But here in Great Britain we should do our part to prevent British traders making excess profits out of the increased demand for the newest devices for slaughter and destruction. A great popular movement, sweeping across all party divisions, is needed in order to take the profit out of war. Let us bring the sinister influences of greed into the open and cease to be romantic about the danger of war. At least it should be admitted that no one should derive gain from so great an evil.

C. Delisle Burns.

No More Badges of Shame !

In thousands of hospitals the world over, in thousands of homes are women at this moment convulsed in the divine agony of bringing forth new life. The cries of thousands of women in the early flowering of youth, in the riper blossoming of maturity, are cutting the air like flashing bayonets! I see them swaying and writhing, pressing down, pacing the desperate floor of isolated farmhouses, of tenements, of modern maternity wards. They suffer to bring forth the miracle of new-born life!

They suffer as women have always suffered, and now . . . Watch with me this moving panorama: See full-grown boys strutting like pompous peacocks in new uniforms down the cheering main street—in camps—see them dying of influenza, dying poisoned by rotten food supplied by *pay*triotic firms. See whole camps of them wiped out like so many ant hills by stark visitors in the heavens. See them in trenches, knee-deep in the blood of comrades. And the legless veterans with a lost world mirrored in blank eyes. See them idiots raving or speechless. Then the white crosses and the slab in the family lot.

This is what *you,* gold-star mothers, have done to your sons through your bland acceptance of the vicious slogans of your masters, through your damnable blindness. Your "country" has made you snuff out the lives you suffered to give, tricked you through your approbation of human slaughter, your support of mass murder. And, not content with that, it decorates you, gold-star mothers, with your tawdry badge of shame!

New life! For what? For war?

We, the new mothers of mankind, the women who march toward the new world, we shout: NO! We suffer to bring forth children that life may go on toward fulfillment for all, toward abundance and beauty for all. *Not,* gold-star mothers, what your sons have died for, not for profits for the few, but for happiness for the many. *Not* for the new war that Fascists in *every* land are brewing in cauldrons of hate, the jailers of Mooney as well as of Thaelmann. But for a *workers' world* being born in the hearts and minds of a reawakened humanity. We, the new mothers of mankind, *fight against war and fascism.*

Lucia Trent.

We Are the Munitions Makers

We are the munitions makers,
We prison death in a shell.
With its ghastly rain of terror and pain
It comes with the screams of hell.

We pour out our noxious gases,
We blanket with poison each trench;
In the fetid smoke men strangle and choke
And cough out their lungs in the stench.

Our shells rip out a man's bowels,
They spray a forest with blood;
Each fleshly shred, by a comrade's tread,
Is stamped into oozy mud.

We take the hands of your workers,
We give them our deadly skill.
We pluck each brain of its pity for pain,
Till it fashions death with a will.

We enter your halls of learning,
We seize on your strong and your straight,
Then with blaring bands and with crisp commands
We teach them the arts of hate.

We sit in the fair cathedrals
That our dollars of blood have built;
And with fawning clasp our hands you grasp—
Our gold has expunged our guilt.

We lurk at the conference table,
We stir suspicion and dread.
We harry with spies, we document lies,
Till each effort for peace is dead.

We sit in the seats of power,
We are molders of nations' thought.
Our god is greed, and hate is our creed,
And a whole world's honor we've bought.

Powerful, rich, and respected,
Bloody, bestial, and fell,
We are the munitions makers—
Artificers of hell!

Mamie L. Mizen.

Mars' Henchman

The Fort stands gazing at the sea,
Closed in a pall of gloom,
Is deaf to tide and calling wave,
Visions only death and doom,
To write in blood with guns.

The Fort stands ghastly, dumb and grim,
And breathes the air of greed,
It guards the throat of roaring death,
The food war-mongers feed,
To drafted, help-strung sons.

The crouching Fort stands cold, alert,
With hate its honor wreath,
Prepared to spit disaster through
Its hidden, long, iron teeth,
Set deep in gums of stone.

The Fort stands like a mangy wolf,
With jaws designed to slay,
Intent for any sound which might
Some wounded thing betray;
To crunch its flesh and bone.

Jack Greenberg.

The Future Development of World Peace Machinery

Government by men vs. Government by law—should be the title of the world-wide political debate on the question of the validity of democracy as a method of social control. More than the issue of democracy as a form of government is at stake; it involves also the cherished liberty of thought, expression and action, so dear to the Anglo-Saxon peoples. When government by law is supplanted by personal or group edicts and decrees, democracy is either stupefied or dead.

The world's peace machinery is out of gear and in danger of being scrapped, largely as a result of the eclipse of democratic government by dictatorships. The existing instruments for the peaceful settlement of international disputes cannot function, when treaty commitments are disregarded by groups or individuals holding absolute political or military control.

Japan is the glaring example of a nation ruled by a military clique, which deliberately abrogates treaties signed by the civil government. The Covenant of the League of Nations, the general pact for the renunciation of war, the charter of the World Court, the Hague Arbitration Tribunal and the Nine Power Pact in the Pacific—all are meaningless scraps of paper, according to the actions of the Japanese militarists.

Japan's example may be followed by other major powers. Her announced intention of abrogating the Washington Naval Treaty of 1922, in addition to previously broken treaties, will precipitate an international armament race, such as characterized Europe during the fateful years that resulted in the world war.

What hope is there for the settlement of disputes by peaceful means, if the instruments of peace have no validity and treaties are only diplomatic gestures? In the light of recent history, can there be any doubt that substituting armed force in the place of peace agencies will sooner or later make war inevitable?

The common people, who will have to die by millions if such a war comes, can prevent it by bringing organized pressure upon their governments to uphold the sanctity of treaties, pledging the use of peaceful means, only, in the settlement of all disputes.

The battle for the maintenance of peace is a battle of democratic peoples against governments that assume authoritarian powers. So long as the Government of a nation, as distinguished from its people, has or assumes the unrestricted right to make war, there is every likelihood that in an emergency the implements of war will be used and the instruments of peace scrapped. This battle is but another phase of the basic struggle: government by men (autocracy) vs. government by law (democracy).

The method for preventing war and making peace machinery valid was ably stated by President Roosevelt in his Woodrow Wilson Day address, December 28, 1933:

> . . . Through all the centuries and down to the world conflict of 1914 to 1918, wars were made by governments. Woodrow Wilson challenged that necessity. That challenge made the people, who create and change governments, think. They wondered with Woodrow Wilson whether the people themselves could not some day prevent governments from making war. It is but an extension of the challenge of Woodrow Wilson for us to propose in this newer generation that from now on war by governments shall be changed to peace by peoples.

Only concerted action by aroused peoples can prevent militaristic and nationalistic governments from plunging the world into another orgy of human slaughter. The future development of world peace machinery will be no stronger than the voice of the people demands. If the people are not like dumb cattle, they will follow out to its conclusion the proposal of President Roosevelt.

E. Guy Talbott.*

*Regional Director, National Council for Prevention of War.

Correspondence

Evidence on Munitions of War Industry

Editor of Unity:

As an interested unofficial observer, I spent the whole of last evening examining the evidence in the huge files of testimony and "exhibits" introduced into the amazing investigation of the munitions of war industry by the United States Senate's committee. Letter after letter, telegram after telegram, reveal the most cynical and mischievous international intrigue, weaving a web of mischief and duplicity all about the globe, and involving high officials of many governments, including our own War and Navy Departments. I have never read anything that compares with this mass of damning, first-hand, and convincing evidence against these dealers in the instruments of death.

These are the original documents, seized by agents of the State in the offices of the companies and transported bodily into the offices of the Senate for examination. They emanate from all over the world, but most frequently from England, from the agents of the American Companies—DuPont, the Electric Boat, Driggs, American Armament Corporation, etc., and from Vickers, Armstrong, Whitehead, and other British concerns with whom the Americans operate in collusion. Here, for example, is a telegram from Paul Koster, alleged international spy and for years stockholder and Paris agent of the Electric Boat Company, of New York and Connecticut. He informs his superiors and employers that the British firm of Whitehead financed the building of two submarines for the Austro-Hungarian navy, *during the War!*—operating through a bogus company in the then-Austrian port of Fiume. And here is a letter from the president of the Electric Boat Company, Mr. Carse, revealing the substance of a close and private working-agreement between his company and Vickers, Ltd., which cannot but be of great interest to any English investigators of the ramifications of this dark and devious business: Says Mr. Carse:

> In relation to submarines built in England, our arrangement is direct with Vickers, we never having had any direct negotiations with the British Government. The condition of our agreement is that on any type of submarine boat built by them for the account of the British Government, we shall receive a certain percentage of net profit accruing to them on such business. During the entire period of about twenty years, our profit has averaged (about $27,000) per

boat, on the ships built for the British Government, while the profit of Vickers on this business has been a larger proportion.

There is no question of the gravity of the facts or of the completeness of the documentation. It is really devastating, if anybody will take the trouble to peruse it, with imagination. Parts of it read like the diary of a cabal of international undertakers, rejoicing at every defeat of life and trust, and bemoaning every reduction of the death-rate. When an agent of the principal manufacturer of smokeless powder writes his superior that they "have nothing to fear from these cooky-pushers in the State Department and the White House," who were trying to obtain an embargo against the exportation of munitions of war to belligerent countries, the abominable implications of this business are clear. *It is a business which, in the interest of the public peace, the nation cannot afford to leave in private hands.*

There is much apprehension in Washington that the interested private parties and foreign governments will succeed in intimidating the Senate Committee, or the President, and induce them to stop the hearings before half the villainy is brought to light for the youth and truth of the world to gaze at in horror or disgust. Foreign governments are protesting, in alarm. It is of the utmost importance that foreign citizens, lovers of peace and of mankind, should actively interest themselves in pursuing the threads of this investigation that lead to, and from, their respective countries, especially England, France, Holland, Germany, Czecho-Slovakia, and Italy. It is of equal importance that American citizens and American civic organizations communicate with the White House and the chairman of the Senate's Committee, Senator Gerald P. Nye, commending the courage and the "brains" with which this sensational investigation has been launched and conducted, and demanding that it be continued fearlessly to exhaust and publish the whole story. Nothing but the truth can save us from the exploitation of our fears by these malefactors of murder.

Let us hope that influential persons in England and France will not wait for their governments or parliaments to assemble. Let them act at once, under the leadership of such respected organizations as the "Union for Democratic Control" or the *"Ligue pour les Droits de l'Homme,"* to re-publish the evidence that has been turned up at Washington in their respective countries, concerning the activities of their own citizens and industries. The Senate Committee stands ready to cooperate with them in every legitimate way, and it needs the assurance of their active support. We have, therefore, written to Sir Norman Angell, Mr. Phillip Baker, Lord Ponsonby and others, suggesting their immediate collaboration, and we urge other disinterested Americans to do likewise, and to write the President urging that the investigation shall go on unhampered to expose the whole truth. Here is a tale of bribery, collusion, corruption and profiteering to make old men shiver as they contemplate the future of their country, and to make young men swear never to be tricked by intrigue and propaganda into becoming pawns in the bloody butcheries of "civilized" governments, which are themselves the victims and the playthings of unscrupulous salesmen of shrapnel and seducers into Hell.

BRENT DOW ALLINSON.

Washington, D. C.

The Study Table

A New Poet

Whenever we encounter a new poet, we feel like rising in our place, and saluting. Nay, more than this, since poetry is a thing compact of emotion and faith, we are stirred to cheer, and even to give thanks in prayer. For poets, true poets, are rare. But here is one—a poet new-flung upon our firmament like a sudden-blazing star. Thanks be for Paul Engle, and his book!*

Of course, there are critics who point out, in glad disparagement, that Engle's work is derivative. If they mean by this that his poems show influences of elder bards, they are right. I found in this first volume of a writer who is still in college—a Rhodes scholar at Oxford—the works of Shelley (to whom one of the longer poems, "Fire at Viareggio," is a tribute), Blake, Byron, Walt Whitman, and Rupert Brooke. But when is a young poet not dependent upon his predecessors of kindred spirit, what sounder method for mastering one's art than sitting at the feet and breathing in the spirit of its masters, and what better masters than these named? John Keats was full of Shakespeare and Milton; Scott caught his magic rhyme and rhythm from Coleridge; Masefield to this day is the disciple of Chaucer. Paul Engle need not be ashamed. He is watching the mature birds' flight, but he has wings which are his own and which will sustain him in far skies.

There are poems of various themes and types in this first collection of Engle's work. A love poem or two, a few fresh and charming lyrics, some nature pieces. But the poems which are most his own, and distinctive in our contemporary literature are those which chant the song of the new generation as the poet feels its pulse and temper. This young man knows what has happened to our world. But he despises the "elder generation," not for its failures but for its despairs. And he is deadly impatient and contemptuous of the younger generation since the War, which has grown cynical and cowardly, and has thus surrendered. He and his fellows are the vanguard of still a newer generation, those just arriving on the desperate scene. And if Engle is right, these newest of our youth are undismayed. They are going to recover the

> "primitive old strength of heart
> Men have called courage and that we call guts."

What this new Shelley feels is the pioneer spirit of America—that pioneer spirit which made America,

> ". . . the force that flung a sudden nation
> Across this Indian-defended land" . . .

and which, if still alive, may save it. In the opening section of his volume, specifically entitled "American Song," and in the closing poem, "America Remembers," which won *Poetry's* Century of Prog-

*"American Song," by Paul Engle. Published by Doubleday, Doran & Co. $1.75.

ress Prize, it is this pioneer spirit which Engle glorifies and invokes. The continental frontiers are gone, he admits. But does this mean that America is going to stand still, grow old, and die? Are there not other frontiers, inner and spiritual, which never end?

> Where shall they go
> Now, the forever westward-wandering people?
> They cannot be quiet, they cannot rest, they would not
> Be American if they could do that.

So they must follow the inward trails of adventure, as their fathers followed the outward—the same daring, the same vision, the same wonder—

> Into that vaster and more savage West,
> The unfamiliar country of your heart.

It is good to read these verses. They speak the true America—the America that made new history in a new land. If this America still lives, even this age is not without hope; and Engle, by such writing, makes it live. There are serious faults in these poems—his constant use of hyphenated epithets, "wine-dark sea," "salary-earning day," "man-living lands," "slouch-gaited hound"—this is one of the most conspicuous. The poet is obviously writing from his study—he has come to grief with dreams, but not yet first-hand with the grim realities of this current age. But his vision goes far and looks high—his spirit is true to the best—and the stuff of poesy is in him. May he still learn much, but never be despoiled of his inner integrity and genuine inspiration.

Gentlemen—a poet is with us. Perhaps the Pulitzer Prize poet for 1934-35.. Hats off!

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

The Caliph of Bagdad

Harun, the Caliph, hero of "Arabian Nights" and lord of Rimski-Korsakov's sweetest song, rises with all his dream city at the beck of St. John Philby, to dominate an Appleton production laid in eighth century Persia—Islam's Augustan Age. Still another triumph for an already estimable series, the work merits considerable attention, both as to manner and matter; wherefore, we proceed at once to resume Harun al Rashid, most romantic of the Abbassides.

Beginning, then, with a catastrophe that, through the massacre of Ali, divided Islam into irrevocable factions eternally at war, Mr. Philby, with indispensable epic sweep, first foreshadows and then depicts the downfall of the Omayyads and the foundation of Bagdad. Having Bagdad in all its glory as super-stage (a miracle of realistic creation), the action continues ever more swiftly, with the advent of Harun who, scimitar in hand, preludes his performance by a most princely victory over Byzantium and a (temporary) renunciation of sovereignty. Assuming the diadem in 786, the Caliph of Bagdad now steps into the full blaze of his imperial splendor, which the dramatist displays to its utmost; gold-emblazoned harems; dazzling salons teeming with lights and music; assemblages of doctors, astrologers, magicians, poets; a multitude of magistral buildings; a network of roadways enmeshing the empire; a courtly entourage of wise statesmen and capable generals—all these, despite a black background of impoverished serfdom, both illuminate Harun's reign and, reflecting their brilliance down the years, make magical for moderns the very echo of his name.

As motif the central portion of the piece takes, appropriately enough: "Remember Barmecide!"—and one watches the slow Aeschylean unfoldment of the tragedy of Barmak: a mighty ministerial house, rich, learned, generous to the point of prodigality, fallen, like Lucifer, never to rise again, at the Aladdinish whim of Harun. From that time forward (Nemesis enough!) dates the downfall of the Caliphate, doomed by jealous intrigues to a perpetual welter of revolts, riots, and intrigues still more venal until, four centuries later, it lies in ashes beneath the mailed fist of the Mongol conqueror, Hulagu Khan. Accompanying this sweeping pageant the author provides an equally stupendous supporting cast, comprising Charlemagne and medieval chivalry, as well as the entire massed myriads of China.

A sumptuous spectacle, beyond a doubt—and, as the greatest Caliph takes his final bow before Mr. Philby's dexterous touch, we see him plainly: valorous, resourceful, cunning, capricious, cruel with the awful artistry of an Eastern despot, possessed also of magniloquent patronage in all the gentler arts that makes him memorable despite even the speedy ruin of his Empire, of which he ranks as principal author. Noblest of Islam's splendors, he indisputably was; and it is perhaps but fitting that he should also have encompassed her downfall.

ROBERT C. SCHALLER.

Harun al Rashid. By H. St. John Philby. Appleton-Century. 1934. $1.50.

The Field

(*Continued from Page* 102)

cuse. How great is it? How is it to be organized and made effective? I shall speak of the pitfalls that lie before us, of the temptations we have to face and will continue to face. We shall be told, for instance, about "aggressors," about "law" and "collective security." We shall not be told the plain truth which Matsuoka spoke at Geneva when he said to the other delegates: "Which of you can cast a stone?" I do not know whether Matsuoka remembered the context from which he was quoting: perhaps not, or he would not have quoted so glibly.

If there is an "aggressor state" in this world, then we are all aggressors. And yet every "collective security" proposal is based upon the fallacy that "aggressors" can be singled out among imperialist states that are all aggressive by definition! And the labor movement, having missed this simple fact, finds here its first pitfall; which shows that war is actually the direct product of false peace policies.

This first pitfall is the attempt to base peace upon our own security, on domination, on the acquisition of what does not belong to us, on mere immunity from invasion or rebellion. Defense of the existing order of society is not peace; it is the maintenance of a war-motivated civilization, where violence is the moral basis of the state itself. We must put it before the working-classes of the world that peace through justice is the only peace worth achieving; and when I say "justice" I do *not* mean "doing good." This "doing good" is the negation of justice and social ethics. The reformist conception of social relationship is doing to other people what *you* consider

good for *them.* That is not justice, which means the creation of conditions in which people can be themselves and achieve their own destiny.

The world today is riddled with imperialism, with which we can never willingly co-operate or compromise; and we must not find reasons for compromise by assuming that some people cannot govern themselves. How easy to say that a *good* government—a *"Socialist"* government—could rule people "for their own good" whilst it claims to stand for democracy and for peace! Yet no matter how sure we may be of our intentions, this principle of imperialism is contrary to the principles of democracy, Socialism and pacifism. We may cloak the Empire as a "Commonwealth of Nations"; but so long as the many are ruled by the few the crime of imperialism remains. Moreover the government that denies supreme power to the masses must seek its allies among the oppressive classes, and these—the landlords and native capitalists—demand protection in return. Thus the imperialist government is not only anti-democratic, but must inevitably be the friend of predatory classes and ready to defend itself by armed force against rebellion or rival imperialists.

Only recently a sermon was given in Birmingham Cathedral in which Bishop Barnes told the delegates of the National Peace Congress that as an aspect of international justice the former German colonies should be returned to the German government—as though those thousands of people living in the colonies were so much property to be disposed of! "Justice" here meant that people who had endured British imperialism should be handed over like chattels to Nazi imperialism! When we speak of social justice, and of capitalism being incompatible with pacifism, we must realize that freedom and justice begin with the "bottom dog"—that we do well to demand these things for ourselves, but have an even greater duty to grant them as inalienable rights to other people.

Words such as "peace" and "democracy" must be given a clearer meaning. These are not things that exist today, but things for which we are working: not things to defend, but things to achieve. This armistice, with the blood of the dead still upon our swords kept sharp for future war, is no peace at all. Violence is latent throughout our society, and if we strain at the Communist gnat we must not swallow the capitalist camel. As a vegetarian I consume neither gnats nor camels; but there you have the relative proportions. Let us remember, too, that with this violence which is inherent in capitalist society we are forced to co-operate daily in so far as we have money in our pockets and go to jobs on Monday. For this violence we are responsible unless we are doing our utmost to remove its causes.

I am therefore utterly opposed to the fig and thistle policies of Geneva. You can't get peace through diplomats whose aim it is to secure the war-motivated society they represent. The foreign policy of the Soviet Union has recently become almost as dangerous as that of the capitalists. There is a trend towards participation in "collective security" pacts, defining "aggressors." This policy is itself un-Marxist!

The next point to grasp is that pacifism is not non-resistance: it is the opposite to non-resistance. The non-resister is the man who goes to the front because he won't resist "authority"; but we are a war *resisting* movement. The pitfall of passivism (as distinct from pacifism) consists in the illusion that it is sufficient to do nothing and take no part in the more obvious forms of militarism.

Then there is that "step in the right direction" which is nearly always a step in the *wrong* direction. For instance, "international control of armaments," which means giving a cloak of morality to something essentially wrong, so that more people will support it! All such "steps" are either futile or pernicious. Look at the energy wasted in "humanizing war" and limiting armaments, or the Hague convention of last century that prohibited the dropping of explosives from balloons!

Far worse, however, are the schemes for an "international police force," for nationalization of the "death racket," for handing over colonies from one empire to another, for concealing imperialist ventures as mandates and "sacred trusts." Without clear vision and a steady eye on the main issue, we shall fall into these traps — even though we may see through them when we are eventually called upon to fight for the systems we have helped to create. Those who reject these plausible schemes will be called "destructive critics" and doctrinaires, but in a civilization run by violence in the interests of violence, destructive criticsm must precede constructve criticism, in so far as the two can be distinguished from one another. It is unscientific to paste a new facade onto a crumbling ruin—"to pour new wine into old garments," as a wit once put it. Capitalism admits of no reform and gives us nothing to build upon. Consequently we are involved in a revolutionary process, which means first stripping the mind of every illusion; for in our minds also nothing new can be built till illusions are swept away.

I have therefore tried to plant the seeds of destruction in any hope anyone here may still cherish that the present system is reformable. I have tried to show that this is not true faith, for there are two kinds of faith. There is the faith of the hen who sits on a china egg; and all the faith of all the hens in all the world will not hatch one single chicken that way. I warn you against the china eggs of Geneva; and I would persuade you that disarmament under capitalism is as easy as sitting on a chair that isn't there.

But there is still one thing left, and that is our faith in men. On that basis we can build. The Bible says, "Put not your trust in princes," and there is an allusion to a God who "dwells not in temples made with hands." Jesus, who said that the Kingdom of God was within you, would tell you equally clearly not to put your trust in politicians and diplomatists.

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